



FRIDAY EVENING, JAN. 2.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

PER MONTH \$3.00

PER YEAR \$30.00

Vol. 81, No. 10,727

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

NEW BRANCH OFFICES: WORLD TOWNSHIP OFFICE—1267 BROADWAY, between 21st and 22d sts., New York.

RIGHT GARIBOLDI. In the old days of New York one of the frequent devices of the fraternity which prey upon the citizen for its support was to garrote a gentleman at night.

We have witnessed the town into a promiscuous correctness now, at least relatively, and it savors as much of the unexpected for a man to be robbed by footpads at night in a central thoroughfare as it would to hear of one of the Four Hundred serenading his sweetheart in a hotel with an accordion.

Yet on Wednesday night a citizen was attacked a little after midnight on Broadway just at Union Square. The thieves did not succeed in robbing him. But the point to be made is that during the attack, which lasted some five minutes, despite the yells of the victim for the police, not a bluecoat showed up.

This at Union Square, with its "sparrow police," and in the neighborhood of Fourteenth street. There are dozens of cafes and drinking saloons in this vicinity, and policemen should be on duty there.

Last night proved that they were not, for it was passing citizens who frightened away the thieves. It is no exaggeration to say that one can frequently go for squares along Sixth and Fifth avenues at night without encountering a single "copper."

It would be a good thing for the Commissioners to be exceedingly severe on policemen brought before them for drunkenness, loafing in saloons, being asleep while on post or absent from it.

OH, BEATIE, GO!

The unutterably filthy condition of this city has reached a pass where further patience is not only weakness, but is impossible. The soft weather, acting on the collected mounds of snow, frescoed with ice, has left broad, deep pools of nasty water at the beginning and end of the street crossings, while the walking on downtown Broadway pavements is like a pedestrian trip through a Brobdignagian pan of fresh calamity.

And the end is not yet! The snow is not all gone. Wading will never be a lost art in New York so long as BEATIE holds the fort. It is too, too much. The walking thousands get their feet soaked to the bone and their clothes bedraggled, while the carriage folk return from an outing with vehicles that look as if they had been at a fete champetre in a brick yard.

We don't want this. But we have got to have it while BEATIE is in the Street-Cleaning Department. Therefore, as the citizens are not so passionately devoted to Mr. BEATIE as to wish to pay him for notably distressing them, it follows that we don't want BEATIE.

Why should he be so magnanimous and retire at once. We thought we could stand having the city a seive for all sorts of refuse a month longer, but it is too trying. We cannot, Mr. BEATIE, do one grateful thing, and get out!

AN IMPORTANT CHANGE.

The germ theory in consumption is now so generally received among the learned in therapeutics that the isolation of consumptives is urged as the most rational of measures to prevent the spread of the disease. It is regarded as a distinctly contagious malady, and its contraction is believed to be more largely due to the dissemination of the fatal bacilli than to heredity.

The subject is one worthy of the closest and deepest study. The disease is the most common of any malady, not an epidemic. As soon as investigation shall warrant it, the seduction of patients seems to be desirable, though obviously difficult of accomplishment in a disease of so long a course and affecting all classes of society.

PRISON FIRES.

A raging fire in a large prison is a very frightful affair. Clinton Prison was the scene of such a catastrophe last night. Men locked in little boxlike cells which are filled with hot and blinding smoke may be terrified. The poor wretches shivered for their release, pressing their white faces against the bars.

They were extricated as soon as possible, speaks well for the prison discipline that they tried to escape, and their attempt was instantly frustrated. Most of them set with a will to fight the flames, and were the greatest assistance in arresting its progress. The murderer-murdering dynamo was completely destroyed.

FOR SHAME!

It is bad enough to shoot the masculine musk without sufficiently justifying cause, but to pour hot lead into the square is disgraceful. There is far more reason for flogging the boys, which is nipping an Indian in the bud.

A number of Indian women were killed at Kamek Creek last Monday, and several others have been shot down elsewhere. Let this stop at once. It is inhuman, and it is not put this ugly stain on the Stars and Stripes.

Most people will feel that a soldier or sailor who has deserted is not a fit subject

for a pension. Governmental annuities are intended as a reward of merit, and where one has left his post in violation of his contract it does not seem as if he should be treated like a favored child of his country. It would appear that the statutes concerning pensions, if they admit of a construction favorable to such deserters, strongly need reconstruction.

The weather report says that the pearly mist which has swathed New York in its gauzy folds is still clinging to the town in a local thing. But it is local in nearly every place in the country. A warm wave surged across the land and touched the snow-decked towns into a cloud of mist. It is a nasty, humid, depressing thing, no matter how it came or from where. A hearty "good-by" awaits its departure.

There are enough trials and tribulations in this Gotham not to permit of much sympathy for our neighbor's woes. But we may congratulate ourselves on not having to dodge steam-cars in the daily walks of life, as the poor, persecuted Jersey man is forced to do, and for this, all thanks. Slow transit and "L" road haughtiness are enough of a dose for us.

A bevy of girls frolicking at a New Year's fete, in Leeds, England, were badly burned by a string of Chinese lanterns falling upon them. This recalls the American horror of merry girls becoming wrapped in flames while they were having a jolly lark at college. Such accidents to the young and gay are doubly mournful. Why cannot they be avoided?

The White House New Year's Day reception and the smaller ones which followed later at the residences of several members of the Cabinet gave a gala air to the opening day of 1891 at the capital. Mr. HARRISON conducted himself with his usual benign patience. Functions of this sort are endured rather than enjoyed by the President.

A man filled himself with beer and then took a pousse cafe of Paris green. He intended the beer as an incentive to the Paris green absorption, but it proved an antidote. The poison could not get in its fine work because it was frustrated by the beer. Score another for America's most popular beverage.

Two persons dead from that thoroughly domestic, well-regulated article of diet, the pumpkin pie. Had it been the fatal mumps or seductive lemon pie it would not be so shocking. As it is, poison injected in the golden mump is supposed to be the cause of death. No reflections are cast on the pumpkin.

SPOTLETS.

Barbers ought to be good consultants in "cutting" mabeles.

Five or six boys in a park yesterday represented a claim to twenty millions. This is "cutting up" very well.

The gold mine is not quite the same thing as the gold's mine.

Now, if the small boy would only imitate his elders at this festive season and behave "taking a horn" it would be regular life.

When the lymph counterfeiter is found, why give him a hint. The counterfeiter lymph, you know.

There is small difference between a retching and a wretched man.

This warning off from bad habits is not always wearing off of bad habits.

With a dancing master it is not only the first step which costs. You have to pay for them all.

How much it would add to a terrapin's concert if he knew how much men liked him.

WORDLINGS.

The ladies of fortune are not beautiful, according to the description of one of them, but they look like a fine smile, and adorably compose the scene of New York's literary women. Mrs. Clynne, the city's old time president and best looking member as well, is a slender and graceful beauty, with a sweet voice and fine eyes.

Miss Kate Thurgood, of the most prominent of the younger ladies of St. Louis, is a girl of rather slight figure, graceful, with fairly cut features, light brown hair and blue eyes.

The wealthy railroad and telegraph manipulator, Irwin, is a Southerner, who came to New York as a clerk out of the rebel army when the war reached its end. His income for a day now amounts to nearly as much as it did for a year then.

There are nineteen millionaires in the United States whose combined wealth totals up about \$140,000,000.

Very large steamboats are no longer built on the Mississippi River. The White, the Richardson and the Kate Adams were the last of the great floating palaces on the lower river, and they have been succeeded by smaller boats that can enter narrower channels and compete for business that the larger boats were forced to slough.

VAGRANT VERSES.

He Called Me. He called me: my head dropped low on my breast. He called me: my head dropped low on my breast. He called me: my head dropped low on my breast.

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THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

The Bias Cut an Aid to Dress Appearance—Fashionable Pocket-books—Chenille Again in Favor—Poems in Slippers.

"The bias cut" of the skirts make a plain dress stand out well. Although the hoops have not yet come in, as threatened, the lower part of all skirts must be full, standing out from the figure at the back only. Sneath-fronting is the only way to apply to the fronts of all tailor-made gowns to the street.



The fashionable pocketbook is small and nearly square, of smooth French morocco, and is ornamented with a little painted miniature framed about with a showy ruffled gilt border.

All new pins are round, not bar-shaped, and all expensive jewelry is furnished with a ring by which they may be worn as pendants or attached to gold hairpins and used as hair ornaments. One, butterfly shaped, set with small diamonds by means of a small collet wire attachment, is made to quiver and move almost like a thing of life.

Chenille is once more in high favor. Some times black spots of chenille are dotted all over tan color, and other light cloths used for the crowns of hats and bonnets, though velvet buttons treated in the same manner are smarter and also more costly. Chenille fringe and drops and galleons of various kinds are much in demand. An inch-wide black chenille galleon edged the brim of a gray felt hat, from which a low blocked crown, completely hidden by a flock of many black birds, is one of the prettiest affairs on which the chenille figures.

Lace trimmings now show the unusual variety of combining several kinds of lace on one trimming. This is particularly the case with black lace.

Strings of mock gems are now employed as earrings, neckties, and waist bands, the stones being usually in simulated uncult state.

What cunning little shoes and slippers are the height now. There are patent leather shoes with pointed toes and tiny buckles in jet and steel, sometimes accompanied by miniature bows. Bedroom slippers in peacock red or pink lisle, bordered with fur and lined with a distinctive color, light in tint and charming. The fancy shoes are most varied: from red kid with a double check formed with a narrow blue ribbon and trimmed with butterfly bows, to silver and gold shoes with the same infinitesimal buckles to match. The place kids are star-embroidered all over in gold. Two distinct varieties are in one black place with a high cut in points, and worked in steel the large buckle replaced by a steel-embroidered band, built worked on the toes also; the other broomed with a band across the instep well worked. Street shoes are visions of daintiness, and that specimen of high-bred womanhood, the well-to-do girl, is abroad in the land in full force nowadays.

Some women were talking the other night about the influence of names, and they claimed that when you named a child, especially a girl child, you simply made it for life; that a blonde baby christened "Julia" would turn dark and grow tall and dignified-looking and couldn't help it. That Florence was as certain to be blonde and have an inclination to play dreamy music as Charlotte was to be an energetic housekeeper; that Fanny couldn't help being frivolous and airy, and that Katherine, with all her prettiness, always made people talk in love with her, especially men; that Maud and Cora would go to the "demonstration how" without any volition on their part, and that Ida and Blanche were pretty certain to get there in time. That Mabel was apt to be a little frigid, and Margaret had a weakness for being a blonde both in appearance and temper. That Emily had a good strong will of her own and was apt to have gray eyes, and that Evelyn—well, there seemed to be a general feeling that Evelyn was inclined to be a bit of a liar. Everybody's mother seemed to be named Mary, and every woman at some time or another seemed to have a friend, who was very loyal, named either Frances, Edith or Helen. That Gladys was a pretty name for a girl as long as she was just a girl, but that it lacked dignity when she became a woman. That Louise had this idea, was apt to be very decided in her views, and that Josephine was wheedling. All the diminutives of Mary were approved of and Dorothy was given a high place of honor as being aristocratic. Something was said about Barbara, and one woman without much sense said she thought it was like a knife that cut, but another, with a great deal of sense, said that a knife was as apt to defend you as to cut you. This is what three women said about women's names.

No Fault of His.

Mamma—I'm afraid George's habits are not exactly what they should be. Mamma—Why, how do you mean? Mamma—Well, he seems to be a trifle lax about a personal appearance, for one thing. George—is he?—he appears personally three nights in a week; but I'll give him permission to come off if you wish, mamma.

Two Conditions.

"I'm a free-trader," he said, as he kissed her pretty face. "Yes, but you'll be for protection after we're married."

A Gratifying Showing.

A surplus of \$1,028,335.44, with a reserve of \$2,825,200, is the splendid showing of the United States Life Insurance Company in its forty-first annual statement, for the year ending Dec. 31, 1900. The insurance written in 1900 aggregated \$11,903,197.

THE HISTORY OF A SENSATION.

Mr. Brown the lawyer, is not to be found in his office.



The Morning Herald states that he has committed suicide in some secluded spot.



The Evening Journal alleges that it is a case of burglary and murder.



The Moon has positive evidence that Brown has skipped to Canada with the money of a wealthy client.



The Comet's special corps of detectives discover that Brown was killed by his disappointed nephews, who have also forged a will in his favor.



In the midst of the excitement Brown respires. He had been making a business call in Brooklyn.

THE HUNTER AND HIS FAITHFUL DOG.



THE CLEANER.

One of those umbrella-under-the-arm fends, while ascending the bridge stairs last night, stopped suddenly and the ferrule of his umbrella came into contact with the eye of an elderly gentleman beaming him. The umbrella send attempted to apologize, but the elderly gentleman promptly knocked him down without saying a word. It may have been cruel of me, but I laughed.

It seems inconceivable to see a blind man at the theatre, but last Monday one of the night at the performance of "Dr. Bull," he listened attentively to the witty dialogue, while at times his companion described the scene on the stage. It was rather a pitiful sight, but the afflicted man enjoyed the play immensely.

A certain mistiness as to the exact topography of New York City prevails even among intelligent citizens of the metropolis itself. It is extremely amusing to read in this morning's Sun that Harrison is settling the cost of Commissioner Hiram's proposed street improvements in the Annexed District, and to reflect, after reading, that Harrison has nothing to do with it. The Annexed District is a large and, at present, somewhat troublesome section entirely north of the Harlem river; while Harrison is a comparatively small, though bustling community, modestly confining itself to the south side of that noble stream.

I had my picture taken yesterday by the new automatic photographic machine, which is certainly a wonder. All I had to do was to take a seat upon a stool in front of the machine— which, by the way, looks like a ponderous wardrobe—drop a nickel in the slot, gaze at a certain point which is suddenly illuminated by a flash light as the attendant turns a crank, and wait a few minutes for my picture to appear. It came out in one time, and, while the machine had not made me beautiful, the likeness was distinctly recognizable. Frank M. Reynolds, business manager of the Eden Musee, was taken, and came out looking like a staid, dignified and handsome man. Ernest E. Britton, of Cutler, were also portrayed. A company headed by Charles Fulton has been organized, with Louis Runkel as Vice-President, William J. Lippmann as Secretary, Berthold Nathan as Treasurer and Edmund G. Fisher, Arthur W. Gans, Richard G. Hollahan and George Hillman as Directors.

Fire in Auburn Prison No. 1. Fire in Clinton Prison No. 2. "Nough said."

I observe that into the theatre of Warsaw, Russia, there is about to be introduced an American idea, with Russian improvements. The idea is the attachment of opera-glasses to the theatre seats. The improvements are that each seat, instead of alternate seats, will be supplied, and that there will be no fee for the use of the glasses. However, good, strong chains will provide security against misappropriation.

Yes, the old custom of New Year's calling is dead. It has been shocked out of existence by the electric touch of fashion. The few and uncertain appearances, as if of continued life, are comparable to the erratic movements sometimes produced in a dead body by a sort of muscular reaction. There are those who deplore the demise of "the good old way." It is gratifying to observe that Mr. Ward McAllister, though not all of his responsibility for the dealing of the custom's death-stroke.

But if the New Year calls have gone from fashion's domain, the glory of the New Year lunches at the big hostesses has by no means departed. Indeed, the hosts of the Hoffman, the Vendome, the Marlborough, the Murton, the Brunswick, the Murray Hill and other up-town palaces seem to have outdone themselves yesterday in the preparation of elaborate menus. It must have been a strangely constructed menu of the great public who got up at least a taste of Happy New Year at one of these lavishing spreads.

Newspaper comment, which is always a pretty faithful echo to public sentiment, has, I notice, prevailed in the case of Col. Shepard's Fifth avenue stage line. I noticed yesterday that the never-run-on-Sunday vehicles were being drawn by four horses instead of two. The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had been aroused to action, and the Stage Company had to come to time.

At the formal opening of the United Press offices in the Pulitzer Building yesterday I met P. V. DeGraw, the well-known Washington correspondent, who had come in from the capital yesterday to participate in the ceremonies of the occasion. He is the manager of the Southern Division of the United Press, and a more whole-souled, genial, popular and efficient newspaper man would be hard to find in a long day's perambulation either in this city or in Washington.

I accidentally overheard a conversation between two young society probationists on a Fifth avenue stage yesterday which made me wish that Judge Beach might be at hand so as to hear the unusual things that were uttered against him for railing that about \$50,000 a year must suffice Her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough, pending the cancellation of her monumental debts. These two young sprigs of the "400" declared most emphatically and in the most graphic terms that his Honor was entirely too pretentious in his decision. An utter absence on his part, they felt sure, of the knowledge of the great expense contingent upon the proper administration of Almack House was responsible for his unseemly act, and the judiciary in all its branches is to be commended to them a source of much displeasure and disgust.

All Off.

Miss Elderby (during Mr. Cleverton's New Year's call)—Won't you take a glass of wine, Mr. Cleverton?

Cleverton—Thank you, but I've sworn off.

Miss Elderby—Then, perhaps, I can tempt you with a cigar?

Cleverton—No, thanks. I've sworn off that, too.

Miss Elderby—You're a little bit of a hypocrite, aren't you? I don't know what you do for fun, but I don't like to see you in the office room and look at all Christmas mementoes.

Cleverton—I'm very sorry, but I've sworn off everything.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

CHARACTER IN EYES.

They Reveal the Disposition and Capacity of the Man.

Types of Optical Organs Seen in Every Day Life.

In Their Size and Shape Is Concealed a Wealth of Information.

As the astronomer, sweeping the heavens with his telescope, ever discovers new stars and worlds and finds for his investigation, so the reader of character, pursuing his favorite study among the millions of his fellow-men, constantly finds new types and forms that suggest fresh trains of thought, says the Chicago News.

Just, also, as the stars at their immense distance are often invisible to the ordinary gazer, so these fine indications of character are not always visible to the casual observer. They exist, nevertheless, in myriad forms, and go to make up the infinite variety of the human features.

Some types of eyes have already been given, taken from the look entitled "Practical and Scientific Physiognomy," and more are given below. They go to show that there is much more in the form of the eye, regardless of its expression, than most people have imagined, and that more traits of character are revealed by it than has been popularly supposed.



THE UNTRUTHFUL EYE (A POLITICIAN).

Who, for instance, have we imagined that politicians have a peculiar type of eye, and that it is indicative of untruthfulness? This is rough on the politicians, and would seem to show that the reader of character who needs a little discovery had a very low opinion of them. There certainly are politicians who are truthful and honest, but undoubtedly there are also very many who are not. The type of eye shown in the cut, and which is taken from the picture of a well-known politician, is also to be found in salesmen, though not all, of course, and means downright lying and deception in order to carry out some selfish scheme, such as pushing some job through councils or selling short weight or measure in a store.



MONOGAMIC EYE.

The Vicar of Wakefield must have had such a vision of his wife in the picture of a monogamic eye, for it will be remembered that he was a strong advocate of monogamy. A person with such an eye, in which the lines of the lids spring sharply upward and downward from the corners, loves and marries only one other person at a time.



THE CONJUGAL EYE.

Regarding the fine pair of eyes shown in the next cut, a reader of character says: "The conjugal eye is shown in its highest form in those of men and women who love but once in a lifetime and who, through the influence of love, have a peculiar structure of their emotional nature, can never again experience the same degree of affection that characterized their first love. The normal conjugal character is one which may admit successively of a second or even a third or fourth attachment, but is capable of being faithful and true to each while the attachment lasts. This class of people marry a second or third time if deprived by death of their marital partners."



IT WAS.

"My barber told me a very funny story this morning," said Smith.

"Judge from the condition of your face it was illustrated with cats," put in Wiggins.

Meant What He Said.

"Cliff Beckman—You live in Brooklyn now, don't you?"

"Y. Yorker—Not exactly."

"Cliff Beckman—What do you mean by that?"

"Y. Yorker—Well, I haven't exactly lived since I moved over there."

Making Work For Itself.

"There goes a minuscule. Some poor fellow has been killed, I suppose."

"Very likely. The driver is always looking for some one to kill."

His Preference.

Mr. Simblet—What part of the chicken shall I give you, Mr. G. O. Duff?

THE PULITZER BUILDING.

Erected by The World.



The evils give a clue to character in many cases, no less than the eyes. Overhauling folk for instance, see outer corners of the upper eyelid, such as are shown in the picture of Charles Darwin, are common in persons noted for accurate observations. Michael Faraday, John Draper and



THE OBSERVING EYELID (CHARLES DARWIN).

James Watt had such eyes. This is a type not uncommon, however, among old persons, and it will not do for everybody to suppose that they are evidence of an eminent scientific.

PULLED DOWN TO DEATH.

All Because He Refused to Pin Up His Long Coat-Tails.

You have perhaps journeyed between New Orleans and Mobile, and remember the vast expanse of marsh with waterways cutting through it. In the midst of this desolation is a club-house and a railway station called English Lookout. It is still good sailing and shooting ground, but the alligator has become so scarce that the sight of one is a novelty. Ten or twelve years ago they crawled across the railroad tracks, and passengers had to look out of the windows to see them swimming.

One day, during my week's stay at the club, several boats were going out, and one of them was occupied by a French army officer, who was also a guest, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. He had on a frock coat, and when seated in the stern of the boat the tails almost touched the water. "Better get up off that coat or pin the tails up," said one of the punters, as his attention was directed.

"Why?"

"Because an alligator may pull you overboard."

The Frenchman laughed and shrugged his shoulders and let the way down channel. Four boats of us anchored about 100 feet apart, and the craft I was in was next to the officer's. The fish were biting hot and heavy, and for an hour no one paid attention to anything else. I fangled my line while pulling in a fish, and while working at the knots happened to glance toward the Frenchman. Just as I did so I saw the still waters behind him, caught sight of a black object thrust above the surface, and next instant, uttering a scream which he heard half a mile away, the man was pulled out of the boat and under water.

We hurried to the spot, but nothing whatever marked the site of the tragedy. We searched the bottom of the lake with him. We waded up and down and beat the banks, but it was useless.

Told him so," said the punter as we gave up the search. The gloves were not seen to know nothing about ratons. We had a Prussian here last month, and what did he do but hang his legs in the water and pull off the boat with me only four feet away."

ACCUSED OF THEFT.

A Wealthy Old Gentleman's Embarrassing Predicament in a Store.

An old gentleman, the father of an eminent lawyer of Chicago, decided to invest in a new necktie, says the Chicago Herald. He went into a very respectable dry goods store. He suited himself in the necktie, and stopped on his way out to look at some gloves. He saw a pair of gloves which he wanted. He concluded he would not take them. He left the store, and was nearly across the street when some one touched him on the arm. He turned and said: "I want to speak to you a moment. Will you return to—store?"

He replied, "I am in a hurry, and see no necessity of returning to that store. What do you want?"

"Unless you go back with me I must put some handcuffs on you and take you back. You have a pair of gloves," said the individual.

The man was over seventy and feeble. He was being surrounded by a crowd. He said he would return. He did so, and was searched, regardless of his protestations. No gloves were found, and profuse apologies were made.

Unless the prominence of the name interferes, a suit for damages will be brought against this very respectable dry goods store. It may end in their paying a certain sum of money for efficient detective work, instead of depending upon the word of careless clerks.

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